

# The News Scimitar

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## POOR BUILDERS

The revolutionists in Russia and in European countries, who made so much noise, and who were so successful in tearing down, seem to be poor builders. They can destroy, but not create. They have been piddling along at government building for some time, and have made small progress. They seem to have become so infatuated with the work of demolition that they cannot keep from razing such incomplete structures as they themselves rear. They can produce chaos, but a stable and symmetrical cosmos is beyond their powers. They are like the man who interrupts the orderly proceedings of a public meeting for the purpose of making a speech, and when the opportunity is given him, forgets what he intended saying and must sit down amid the confusion which he has created. Their ineptitude is really pathetic. In the work of destruction they have removed many ancient and intolerable evils, and they have not the skill or power to replace them with what is good. The policy of assassination that has been inaugurated in Teutonic countries is not encouraging. A people grown desperate never know when to quit. They began by taking life, which they seem to look upon as the panacea or catholicon for all ills, and when their progress is obstructed in any way, they resort to more killings—more blood-letting.

Mob violence as a permanency is an impossibility. It must soon die out. It is a fire that soon consumes the fuel on which it feeds, leaving only a residue of cinders and ashes, mute witnesses to its inefficiency and fatuousness. All right-thinking people would rejoice to see Poland and Armenia, as well as the other disorganized countries, pull themselves together and each build for itself a congruous and coherent government; but there is reason to fear that hope deferred will make the heart of the peace conference sick, and that the friends and well-wishers of these countries will be driven to despair. In the very worst form of government there is some good that is to be preferred to anarchy or no government at all, and a new form of government cannot be expected to leap into perfection at one bound, or that an organic compact, designed to serve the many, can please every individual. It should be given time and a fair trial. Patience is an old virtue, but it is not yet dispensable. People must still retain and practice it. Individual self-restraint is necessary under any government, and without it no government can be successful. The individual who cannot restrain and control himself as such cannot unite with other individuals and carry on a free government. And herein lies the chief trouble. People who have suffered long under a despotic or militaristic government are not ripe for self-government. According to our theory, all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. The governed must be capable of consenting and of acting as a unit. It will not do for individuals or groups to antagonize all others; there must be amity and intelligent coherence. Book learning, or literacy, will not suffice, else Germany could organize a republic at one sitting. She is the most educated nation in Europe, or in the world. She is handicapped by the gross individual selfishness of her people.

The peace conference has told Russia that she must discover her own salvation and settle her domestic affairs among her own people. Other countries must learn to do likewise. Unless they can do this they are not fitted for self-government. They must make the effort, and keep on trying until they find the way. The most advanced countries had to do this. There is no royal or short road to freedom. These people must learn that their government can be no better than they are, and that they must improve themselves if they expect to attain to the higher planes of civilization. It is a case of do it yourself, and do it now.

## ALIEN CRIMINALS

Ten anarchists from Cuba, eight of whom are Spaniards, have been arrested charged with complicity in the I. W. W. plot to assassinate President Wilson on his arrival at Boston. These scoundrels should be summarily dealt with. We can treat them hospitably and make them feel "perfectly at home." At home these worthies would be lined up against a wall at sunrise in front of a firing squad and put beyond the doing of harm. They should not complain at home treatment.

We are too lenient with alien criminals, and they take advantage of our forbearance. When caught in covert or overt acts of criminality they should receive punishment so swift and condign as will keep this class out of this country. We breed an ample supply of evildoers at home. They should be kept out of the country, and a liberal export premium should be placed on those who slip in as soon as they are discovered. We spend large sums of money in maintaining quarantines against disease; but there can be no worse disease than that which corrupts and makes criminals of our own people. We are not perfect, and conditions are not perfect in this country; but they are the way the people of this country have made them, and when they desire to have them changed they have the right and power and intelligence to do it in an orderly manner, and are not calling upon bloody-minded sneaks and skulkers to help them with bomb, dagger or bullet. They are competent to attend to their own affairs in their own way, without outside volunteer assistance.

The spirit which animates the I. W. W. is a baleful exotic which should not be permitted in this country. For a time it sailed under false colors, claiming to be an organized and benevolent protest against industrial inequalities and injustices. Of late the I. W. W. has been throwing off disguise and showing the cloven foot. They are idle anarchists who will not work, and who believe in taking from those who have, and killing those who will not stand and deliver at their command. This is no country for such people, and they should be driven out. It may have its faults, but it is the best country on earth, and those who do not like it should keep out of it.

## THE GAS

There is no evidence of improvement in the quality of gas that is being furnished to the people of Memphis. The assumption is that the company is using an inferior quality of coal, and naturally is producing an inferior commodity.

The city administration has an inspector, and no doubt it is as familiar with what the people have to contend with as the people themselves are. There should be some relief afforded for such inadequate service, and no doubt there would be if those in authority would make a demand in unmistakable language, backed up with a determination to secure an improvement.

## Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'?—By Briggs

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AFTER YOU'VE BEEN  
BAWLED BY AN OFFICER  
FOR HAVING YOUR HANDS  
IN YOUR POCKETS

—AND BY ANOTHER OFFICER  
FOR SALUTING WITH A  
CIGARETTE IN YOUR MOUTH

—AND BY STILL ANOTHER  
FOR HAVING THE OVER-  
COAT UNBUTTONED



—IF FINALLY ONE DAY  
YOU RECEIVE YOUR  
DISCHARGE

—AND THE NEXT DAY YOU  
DON CIVILIAN CLOTHES  
AND YOU SEE AN OFFICER  
APPROACHING

—AND YOU CAN DO THIS—  
OH-H-H- BOY!!  
AIN'T IT A GR-R-RAND  
AND GLOR-R-IOUS  
FEELIN'?



## On the Spur of the Moment

by Roy K. Moulton.

THE SUBWAY GIRL.  
I met her in the subway.  
She was stylish and petite  
From her fascinating little hat  
To her shapely little feet.

Her hair was brightest golden  
And her cheeks were softest pink.  
But the way she chewed that awful gum  
Would have made a statue blink.

She juggled and she jawed it.  
I could never tell you how.  
But she might have learned some daintiness  
Had she watched the old red cow.

I've got a cow that gives good milk.  
I dress her in the finest silk.  
I feed her on the best of hay.  
And the milk she gives I throw away.

—The Dairyman.

Well, all we can hope is that peace will pull through.

Eggs are selling for 6 cents a dozen—in China—but China eggs are hard to digest.

Nomoney is a town in France, and to some of the soldiers it probably doesn't seem much like home.

## DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX,  
The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

A HUSBAND'S AUTHORITY.

Five years ago a nice couple got married. Two children came to bless their home, and they lived happily until the wife became afflicted with the dancing mania.

The husband did not object to a reasonable amount of fox-trotting, but when the wife began to spend most of her time at cabarets and roof gardens, to the neglect of her home and children, he protested against it, and warned her of where the path upon which she had started always ended. Finally he forbade her to go to certain cafes of doubtful reputation, and to associate with the women with hectic paste whom she had met at these places.

This infuriated the wife, and she packed up her trunks and went back to her mother, after telling her husband that he was a cruel and overbearing tyrant whom no self-respecting woman could endure, and that she would not let any mere husband interfere with her personal liberty to do as she pleased. So there!

And another home is wrecked. And two little babes are orphaned. The question of how far a husband has the right to exercise his authority is one of the most vexing problems that no Solomon has yet arisen with wisdom enough to settle. It is the ever-present bone of contention in the family circle, and the cause of half of the domestic fights that the divorce court is called upon to referee.

Certainly in this day of equal rights it is every man's duty to be as generous with his wife as his means will allow, but it is equally his duty to forbid her to indulge in orgies of spending that will ruin him. Certainly it is no more than simple justice that the man who earns the money should control its expenditure.

Every married man should decide the scale of living for his family. He knows the state of his business, and just how much they can afford to spend and still leave a margin over to tide them over rainy days which is sure to come to everyone. If his wife has not sense enough to see the wisdom of being prudent in money matters, and if she does not love him well enough to be willing to deny herself luxuries they can afford, rather than harass him to death with financial anxieties, he should exercise his authority rather than let her bankrupt him.

If a man has a right to prevent his wife from running him, it is still more important that he assert his authority over her to keep her from bankrupting herself, over her life through her foolishness. For when a man promises to protect the woman he marries it sometimes means to protect her against herself.

The majority of men are older than their wives. They have seen far more of the wickedness and the temptations of the world than any young woman has even seen. Therefore they know the dangers that lie in many seemingly innocent things.

The pretty young wife still loves flattery from men, and thinks it no harm to indulge in a tea-sa-tete lunch with some man who tells her that he never saw such eyes as she has, and that she is the fairest of women.

And the husband knows, as the young woman does not, that the dance of the cabaret is the dance of death; that the cocktails are lethal poisons in which too many women dissolve all sense of decency and honor, and that when the wife and mother forgets her home and her babies in the arms of a lounge lizard, her feet are set on the downward road.

If a woman will not listen to her husband's remonstrances it is his duty to forbid her to go to such places for her own sake, and because she has no right to trail his name in the mud.

A husband should use his authority over his wife as a good driver does his reins. He should drive with a loose rein until the mare bolts. Then hold her in with all of his strength.

Among the senators who are working actively in behalf of the league are Lodge, of Massachusetts, ranking Republican member of the foreign relations committee, is believed to oppose the league, although he has remained silent since the publication of the proposed league's proposed constitution.

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## PUTTING IT OVER.

At a Southern California resort the landlord is so full of curiosity that he has become a pest. Some time ago a Canadian aviator, having an artificial leg, was a guest at this resort, and the landlord was crazy to know how he lost his leg, but the Canadian, knowing his host's weakness, refused to enlighten him. When the Canadian went to check out, the landlord said: "I'll call this bill square. If you'll tell me how you lost your leg."

All right; I'll do it if you'll promise not to ask another question about it. "Agreed," quoth the host eagerly. "It was bitten off."

## BIBLICALLY SO.

One evening when little Mary had fractured one of the rules governing table behavior she was removed from the family board and made to eat her dinner at a little table in a corner. Her presence was ignored by the other members of the family.

After a period of silence the family decided to give her a lesson. The father, Lord, for preparing for me a table in the presence of mine enemies. The mother, and that was the last time that Mary ate away from the family table.

## OAKLAND CENTRAL HOSPITAL.

DEAR K. C. B.—It's just 4 o'clock in the morning and I'm sitting beside a boy with very brown eyes and very white teeth and the most beautiful smile in the world. And he isn't going to be here much longer. But he doesn't know it, because he is delirious. And just a moment ago he reached out and took the hand of the nurse who signed.

"Let me look at the paper a minute." And I said: "What for, dear?" And he replied: "Oh, I only wanted to read K. C. B. You know I always read that before I go to work in the morning."

So I gave him the paper and he read what you had written and chuckled happily. And I thought that you would like to know that as he went down into the shadows it wasn't war, nor stocks, nor politics he thought of, but just some of your little human studies—and that at the last he was happy through them.

THE NURSE.

IN THE office.

WHERE I opened my mail.

WAS A friend of mine.

AND I read the letter.

AND GAVE it to him.

AND WHEN he read it.

HE SAID to me:

"IT ISN'T fair."

"TO GET letters like that."

"AND THROW them away."

"YOU OUGHT to print them."

"FOR THE joy they'll bring."

"TO THE men and women."

"WHO READ your column."

AND THAT'S my excuse.

AND A further excuse.

IS THE watching nurse.

WHO SIGNED no name.

AND WHO couldn't be sure.

THAT HER letter had come.

AND HAD followed me.

IN MY wanderings.

AND JUST for her.

IF SHE reads these lines.

I WANT to send word.

AND TELL her my thanks.

AND TO say to her.

WHAT SHE knows herself.

THAT IT isn't the money.

THAT IS paid to her.

FOR THE hours she spends.

AT A boy's bedside.

AND THE effort she makes.

TO HOLD him here.

OR IF he must go.

TO EASE his going.

IT ISN'T the money.

SHE GETS for that.

THAT SHE'S working for.

IT'S THE smile she gets.

FROM THE poor sick boy.

AND IT'S just the same.

Just a Moment

DAILY STRENGTH AND CHEER.

Compiled by John G. Quinlan, the Sunshine Man.

Holy character is a kind of worship.

All true life is worship.

It is a finely tempered heart, one of

to ordinary mold, which can say, "I

ever my way and shall be still,

when I trust a man to trust him

wholly.

Worth does not mean what a man is

worth; you must find some better

definition than that.

You can only truly bless when you

have done with the pursuit of personal

happiness.

You are unsafe until you feel "Heav-

enly," and then you are safe, but God's

word can not pass away.

It is always a startling thing to see

the rapidly with which the wisest and

the best are forgotten.—Well-Springs

of Wisdom.

The dawn is coming through the half

closed shutters.

The sun of one frail life is going

down.

Where weariness and pain have left

their pallor,

The sweetness of a life has left its

crop.

And simply as a child would tell its

years,

A pure face holds the record of the

years.

While through the golden sunlight of

the morning,

All truthfully the shade of death ap-

pears.

Ah, watchers! seek the rest that now

awaits you.

Ah, sunbeams! come not where such

treachery waits.

Tread softly, for the morn of life is

breaking.

The ground on which you stand is

holy ground.

—By Marian B. Stockell.

Dayton, Ohio.

HE HAD RIGHT!

A negro employed as an office boy

in Kentucky came to work one morn-

ing with a face that looked as though

it had been run through a meat grinder.

"Henry," demanded his surprised em-

ployer, "what in the world has happen-

ed to you?"

"Well, uh, boss," explained Henry,

"I got into a little argument last night

with another nigger, and one thing led

to another till I up and hit at him.

Well, uh, it seemed lak dat irritated

him. He took and blackened both of

my eyes, and bit one of my mah yaws

mighty high off, and split mah lip and

procked two of mah teeth loose, and

den he throwed me down and stampped

me in de stomach. Honest, boss, I nev-

er did git so sick of a nigger in mah

life."

EYE TO BUSINESS.

Once when John D. Rockefeller was

playing golf, a negro had crossed the

links. Mr. Rockefeller had just given

the ball a vigorous stroke, and the lad

received the missile squarely on the

head. It was a heavy blow, but it only

stunned the boy a little, and after

blinking his eyes for a moment he was

himself again.

Mr. Rockefeller had then rushed up,

fearing what the negro had been badly

injured, was relieved to find that he

took it so calmly, and putting a \$5 bill

from his pocket, he gave it to the

younger as a salary for his feelings.